

D.H.

'D. ARC'. SAC-IV.

EPISODE ONE.

**"THE PANDORA MACHINE"**

*by*  
*Don Houghton*

EPIC 01 ONE

"THE PANDORA MACHINE"

CAST:

DR. WHO

BRIGADIER LETHBRIDGE-STEWART  
JO GRANT  
LIEB YATES

CHARLES NETTERING  
PRISON GOVERNOR  
DR. SUMMERS  
J29  
CAPTAIN CHIN LEE  
THE FOREIGN SECRETARY  
SENIOR SPECIAL BRANCH OFFICER  
BRITISH DELEGATE  
AMERICAN DELEGATE  
RUSSIAN DELEGATE

EXTRAS:

HEAD WARDER, BLOCK WARDER AND OTHER  
WARDERS  
LINWOOD AND OTHER OBSERVERS  
UNIT SOLDIERS AND SECURITY MEN  
GENERAL CHENG TEI  
DIPLOMATIC AIDES AND STAFF

SETS:

STANGMOOR PRISON: CORRIDOR  
CONDEMNED CELL  
PROCESS CHAMBER  
HOSPITAL ROOM  
(UTILITY ONLY)  
CONFERENCE ROOM, LONDON  
CHINESE DELEGATE'S SUITE, LONDON  
UNIT H.Q., LONDON

EXTERIORS:

Stangmoor Prison, Roadway inside and Main Gates  
Conference Building and Car Park

## EPISODE ONE.

"THE PANDORA MACHINE"

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## OPENING CREDITS AND TITLES.

TK 1. Stangmoor Prison. Dawn.Black, grim, Dartmoor-type Prison,  
set on lonely moors.

## CUT TO:

1. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR, STANGMOOR PRISON  
SAME TIME.SOMBRE AND INSTITUTIONAL, VERY MUCH THE  
CONVENTIONAL TYPE PRISON. CELL DOORS  
FLANK EITHER SIDE OF THE CORRIDOR.A GROUP OF SERIOUS-FACED MEN WALK  
SLOWLY, BUT PURPOSELY DOWN THE CORRIDOR.  
IN THE LEAD IS THE GOVERNOR, GENERAL  
VICTOR CAMPFORD, MILITARY BEARING, A BIT  
'OLD SCHOOL' AND SET IN HIS WAYS. ON  
EITHER SIDE OF HIM WALK TWO UNIFORMED  
PRISON OFFICERS, THE HEAD WARDER AND  
THE BLOCK WARDER. BEHIND THEM COMES  
THE PRISON DOCTOR, DR ROLAND SUMMERS,  
A TIRED-EYED, SUBBLED MAN WEARING A  
WHITE DOCTOR'S COAT, AND FINALLY COMES  
CHARLES KETTERING, CONSULTANT NEURO-  
SURGEON TO THE MINISTRY OF PRISONS AND  
SOCIAL RESETTLEMENT - A KEEN, ALMOST  
IMPATIENT, PROFESSIONAL MAN.AS THEY PROGRESS DOWN THE CORRIDOR WE  
BEGIN TO HEAR ECHOING MURMURS FROM  
MANY VOICES AND THE SOUND OF TIN MUGS  
AND PLATES BEING RATTLED AGAINST IRON  
BARS. THE PRISONERS' FORM OF PROTEST  
AT 'CAPITAL PUNISHMENT'. THE MURMURS  
SWELL INTO ANGRY SHOUTS. KETTERING  
FROWNS AND LOOKS OVER TO DR SUMMERS.DR SUMMERS: (QUIETLY) A form of protest, Mr  
Kettring. Always happens - when 'sentence' is  
about to be passed.

BY NOW THE PARTY HAVE REACHED THE DOOR OF THE CONDEMNED CELL. THEY STOP. ON IT IS THE NUMBER 829. BELOW THIS HANGS A BLACK METALLIC DISC WITH THE LETTER 'M' PAINTED ON IT.

THE BLOCK WARDER TAKES HIS KEYS AND UNLOCKS THE CELL DOOR, ALLOWING THE HEAD WARDER AND THE GOVERNOR TO GO INSIDE. THE DOCTOR AND THE BLOCK WARDER FOLLOW, BUT KETTERING STAYS IN THE DOORWAY, STARING IN AT THE PRISONER INSIDE, ALMOST 'MEASURING HIM UP' - AS A HANGMAN MIGHT.

CUT TO:

2. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

AS THE OFFICIAL PARTY COME IN.

LYING ON THE BUNK IS THE 'CONDEMNED' MAN 829. HIS EYES WIDEN WITH HATE AND FEAR AS THE GOVERNOR APPROACHES HIM. HE RISES, SNARLING WITH ANGER.

GOVERNOR: (SOLEMNLY) Prisoner Number 829, George Patrick Barnam...

829: (FURY) You're not taking me!

THE BLOCK AND HEAD WARDERS RESTRAIN HIM. THE GOVERNOR CONTINUES.

GOVERNOR: You have been sentenced by a Court of Law - and all appeals having failed, the time has come for that Sentence to be carried out.

829: No!

HE STRUGGLES VIOLENTLY. DR SUMMERS TAKES A STEP FORWARD.

DR SUMMERS: I can give you something to calm you...

829: (SNARLS) You'll give me nothing! You hear? Nothing! I'm not finished yet! I'll get you... I'll get you all!

HE RENEWS HIS STRUGGLES, KICKING AND TEARING AT THE WARDERS. IN THE B.G. KETTERING QUIETLY AND UNOBTUSIVELY WITHDRAWS FROM THE DOORWAY.

GOVERNOR: Barnam, make it easier for yourself man...



829: I'm not going to make it easy for anyone! I'm not going out there meekly, Governor! I'll fight you all the way... I'll get you.

GOVERNOR: (SIGHS. TO DR SUMMERS)  
Unrepentant right up to the end, I'm afraid.

HE NODS TO THE WARDERS. THEY BUNDLE HIM OUT OF THE CELL...

CUT TO:

3. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

...AND DOWN THE CORRIDOR. THE DIN FROM THE OTHER PRISONERS GROWS TO A CRESCENDO.

MIX OR CUT TO:

4. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER, STANGMOOR PRISON  
A LITTLE LATER.

THIS IS AN AUSTERE, INSTITUTIONAL SORT OF ROOM. IT'S NOT LARGE AND IS DOMINATED BY THE COMPLICATED 'MALUSYPHUS' EQUIPMENT. THIS CONSISTS OF AN ELEVATED OPERATING -TYPE TABLE. AT ITS HEAD THERE IS A COMPLICATED DOME, LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER A MAN'S HEAD. FROM THE DOME THERE RUNS A SERIES OF TUBES, SOME OF THEM CLEAR PLASTIC, OTHERS OPAQUE, AND WIRES WHICH ARE FED INTO AN ELECTRONIC CONSOLE. AND FROM THIS CONSOLE A SINGLE HEAVY METALLIC TUBE RUNS TO THE RESERVOIR, HEREINAFTER CALLED - THE 'BOX'. ITS SIZE IS ABOUT TWO FEET BY THREE FEET DEEP, MADE OF HEAVY STEEL AND LEAD AND STRONGLY REINFORCED. IT'S PROBABLY BLACK IN COLOUR AND IT STANDS ON A HEAVY CABINET SOME DISTANCE FROM THE TABLE. WHERE THE CONSOLE TUBE JOINS IT THERE IS A THICK FLANGE AND HERE AND THERE, ON ITS SMOOTH SIDES, ARE SOME HIGHLY TECHNICAL LOOKING KNOBS AND SWITCHES. ON THE FRONT OF THE 'BOX' IS AN INDICATOR DIAL NUMBERED FROM ZERO TO ONE HUNDRED. A POINTER REGISTERS AT 65.

AROUND THE WALLS OF THE PROCESS CHAMBER SIT A SMALL AUDIENCE OF OFFICIAL OBSERVERS - POLICE OFFICERS, LAW OFFICERS, DOCTORS, ETC - AND EVEN SOME STUDENTS. AMONGST THESE 'WITNESSES' WE PICK OUT DR WHO AND JO GRANT. FROM THE EXPRESSION ON THE DOCTOR'S FACE IT IS OBVIOUS THAT HE DISAPPROVES OF THIS WHOLE BUSINESS. THE ATMOSPHERE IS TENSE AND SILENT.

KETTERING STANDS IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM, ALL ARE LISTENING TO HIM AS HE OUTLINES WHAT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN.

KETTERING: (AS THOUGH DELIVERING A LECTURE) ...And so Capital Punishment, as we know it, is a thing of the past. We no longer execute our hardened criminals and killers. Modern society has advanced far beyond that primitive form of retribution.

THERE IS A LOUD SARCASTIC GRUNT FROM THE DOCTOR. SOME OF THE OBSERVERS LOOK AROUND AT HIM DISAPPROVINGLY. KETTERING FROWNS AT HIM IMPATIENTLY.

KETTERING: Today we rehabilitate the unredeemable murderers and psychopaths - by clinical method. Science has done away with the hangman's noose and the headman's blade. The answer is this infallible ...

ANOTHER GRUNT FROM THE DOCTOR.

KETTERING: ...And sophisticated machine. (BEAT) The process known as - Malusaphus. In simple terms, the surgical extraction of evil impulses from the cerebrum. Professor Emil Dalbin, the inventor of this process, discovered that the behaviour balance of the brain was governed by positive, or 'good' impulses and negative, or 'evil' impulses...

Too Simple

DR WHO: And that machine extracts the negative impulses.

KETTERING: Exactly.

DR WHO: (SHRUGS) Oh, it wasn't a question Mr Kettering. I knew what the thing does.

KETTERING: I doubt that very much, sir. The whole theory is revolutionary and unique.

DR WHO: (TO JO. LOW) Rubbish. It was used on the Planet Laryps Major a couple of thousand years ago. And abandoned soon after - on my recommendation.

KETTERING: May I continue?

DR WHO: By all means.

KETTERING: Thank you.

KETTERING MOVES OVER TO THE TABLE.

KETTERING: The condemned man is laid here, after being tranquillised, with his head under this dome. A series of probes are attached to strategic positions on his skull.

KETTERING MOVES TO THE CONSOLE

KETTERING: The extraction process is controlled here - and the negative impulses are transformed into a tangible chemical - and finally stored in that reservoir box - there.

AND HE POINTS TO THE 'BOX'.

THE DOCTOR FROWNS, WORRIED.

DR WHO: And where do they go after that?

KETTERING: Nowhere, sir. I said they were stored in the box.

DR WHO: So it's full of negative, or 'evil' impulses?

KETTERING: Not 'full'. The indicator registers only 65% at this time. The machine has been used very successfully in Switzerland. A hundred and twelve subjects have been processed to date. Today we shall witness the one hundred and thirteenth. Prisoner Number 829, a hardened criminal and violent multi murderer, utterly unrepentant and beyond redemption.

AS HE SAYS THIS 829 IS WHEELED IN ON A TROLLEY BY TWO WARDERS WITH DR SUMMER IN ATTENDANCE. THE GOVERNOR FOLLOWS BEHIND. 829 HAS BEEN TRANQUILLISED AND IS IN A DAZED CONDITION. AS KETTERING CONTINUES HE IS PUT ONTO THE TABLE AND HIS HEAD IS PLACED UNDER THE DOME.

KETTERING: The process is completely painless and the subject will feel nothing. On conclusion only Positive impulses will remain in his brain. All criminal tendencies will disappear - and the evil influences, which have dominated his life up to this time, will be extracted. He will emerge as a good and useful member of society.

BY NOW 829 IS IN POSITION. KETTERING MOVES TO THE CONSOLE AND SETS SOME DIALS. WE MOVE TO DR WHO. HIS EYES NARROW AND HE LEANS FORWARD IN HIS CHAIR, WATCHING ANXIOUSLY.

KETTERING: (AS HE WORKS) You will actually see the Negative impulses as they leave the subject and become a visible chemical.

KETTERING FLICKS A COUPLE MORE SWITCHES - AND THEN LOOKS OVER TO THE GOVERNOR. THE LATTER NODS SLOWLY.

KETTERING: (QUIETLY) Sentence is about to be passed.

HE ACTIVATES A FINAL SWITCH. LIGHTS FLASH ON THE CONSOLE. THE LIGHTS IN THE CHAMBER DIM, AS THEY MIGHT DURING AN EXECUTION BY ELECTRIC CHAIR. A LOW HUMMING, WHIRRING SOUND BUILDS UP. HALFWAY ALONG THE CLEAR PLASTIC TUBES A GREENISH FLUID APPEARS. 829'S BODY STIFFENS. KETTERING FROWNS WITH CONCENTRATION. THE 'BOX' SEEMS TO THROB OMINOUSLY. 829 SHRIEKS SUDDENLY. DR WHO LEAPS TO HIS FEET, AGITATED. KETTERING LOOKS WORRIED.

KETTERING: (ANXIOUSLY) It's alright! It's alright.

DR WHO: (EVENLY) Is it?

THE MACHINE SUBSIDES. THE PROCESS IS COMPLETED.

GOVERNOR: Mr Kettering...

KETTERING: A minor malfunction, but the machine compensated.

DR SUMMERS CHECKS 829'S PULSE AND RESPIRATION. KETTERING LOOKS TO HIM. DR SUMMERS NODS. KETTERING LOOKS RELIEVED.

KETTERING: The process is completed - satisfactorily.

DR WHO: Satisfactorily?

829 IS MOVED BACK FROM THE TABLE AND ONTO THE TROLLEY.

KETTERING: The subject will be taken away to recuperate. Within an hour or two he will be perfectly alright.

DR WHO: Perfectly?

THE OBSERVERS MURMUR. 829 IS WHEELED AWAY. THE GOVERNOR COMES FORWARD. DR WHO JOINS HIM. TOGETHER THEY MOVE TO KETTERING. JO FOLLOWS THEM.

GOVERNOR: It was alright, Kettering?

KETTERING: Of course, Governor.

DR WHO: The subject reacted.

KETTERING: I'm told it sometimes happens...

GOVERNOR: (HASTILY) Mr Kettering, this gentleman is one of the UNIT Advisors and he...

DR WHO: It shouldn't.

KETTERING: The process is relatively new...

DR WHO: And relatively incompetent?

KETTERING: I assure you...

GOVERNOR: (HASTILY) Perhaps we might all adjourn to my office. The atmosphere here is rather depressing.

HE TAKES KETTERING BY THE ARM AND LEAD HIM AWAY. MOST OF THE OTHER OBSERVERS ARE DISPERSING. THE DOCTOR IS STILL FROWNING.

JO: You don't approve of the process, Doctor?

DR WHO: I didn't approve of it on Larpia Major two thousand years ago - and I don't approve of it now, Jo. I don't like people messing about with other people's personalities - be they good or evil!

JO: But the subject was a criminal - a murderer.

DR WHO: (QUIETLY) Yes - and I wonder what he is now?

BY NOW THE CHAMBER IS EMPTYING RAPIDLY JO AND THE DOCTOR MOVE OUT. NOW THERE IS ONLY ONE PERSON LEFT IN THE ROOM. A STUDENT CALLED LINWOOD. FASCINATED BY THE APPARATUS HE APPROACHES THE CONSOLE TO EXAMINE IT MORE CLOSELY. VERY, VERY FAINTLY THE 'BOX' BEGINS TO THROB. LINWOOD IS TOO ENGROSSED TO PAY IT MUCH ATTENTION, BUT HE DOES RUN A FINGER AROUND HIS COLLAR, AS THOUGH THE ATMOSPHERE WAS BECOMING OPPRESSIVE AND HOT. THEN HE TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE 'BOX'. THE THROBBING SOUND INCREASES. LINWOOD'S EYES WIDEN IN ALARM. HE GASPS. SUDDENLY HE BEGINS TO FIGHT SOME UNSEEN HORROR. HE SCREAMS WITH ANGUISH AND TERROR - AND THEN COLLAPSE THE THROBBING SUBSIDES.

KETTERING, THE GOVERNOR, DR SUMMERS, DR WHO AND JO RUSH BACK INTO THE ROOM. DR SUMMERS SPOTS LINWOOD'S BODY AND MOVES QUICKLY TO IT. THE OTHERS HURRY AFTER HIM. AS DR SUMMERS BENDS OVER LINWOOD WE SEE THAT THE LATTER'S FACE IS CONTORTED INTO AN EXPRESSION OF HORROR.

GOVERNOR: What the devil...

KETTERING: We should have left a Security Guard on the...

JO: (HUSHED) His face... Look at his face!

GOVERNOR: (TO DR SUMMERS) Can you tell what happened, Doctor?

DR SUMMERS: No.

DR WHO: Something has terrified him.

DR SUMMERS: (HUSHED) To death.

PAUSE.

GOVERNOR: (INCREDULOUSLY) Dead?

KETTERING: How?

DR SUMMERS SHAKES HIS HEAD.

DR WHO: (QUIETLY) Might I suggest an Immediate Post Mortem.

DR SUMMERS: Of course.

DR WHO: And an investigation into the victim's past medical history.

GOVERNOR: Weak heart, perhaps...

DR WHO: I doubt it, Governor.

DR SUMMERS: There are some minute scratch marks on his neck and face.

KETTERING: That's very strange.

DR WHO: Isn't it?

HE STRAIGHTENS UP AND LOOKS OVER TO THE MUTE CONSOLE - AND THEN TO THE SILENT 'BOX'.

CUT OR MIX TO:

TK 2. Conference Building. Same Time.

To establish change of location. This is an impressive building, like the Mansion House or the Guildhall. Obviously set in the heart of London. The flags of Russia, America, Red China and Great Britain fly from it.

5. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, LONDON. SAME TIME.

THIS ROOM SHOULD BE AS LARGE AND IMPRESSIVE AS SPACE PERMITS. ITS FOCAL POINT IS AN ENORMOUS ROUND TABLE, SET IN EACH QUARTER BY MINIATURE RUSSIAN, AMERICAN, CHINESE AND BRITISH FLAGS, TOGETHER WITH FORMAL NAMEPLATES OF THE COUNTRIES INVOLVED. THERE SHOULD BE DESK BLOTTERS SET FOR THE DELEGATES AND THEIR STAFF, PLUS DECANTERS OF WATER, ETC. SOME UNIT SOLDIERS AND PLAINCLOTHED SECURITY MEN ARE CHECKING THINGS OVER. THERE IS AN ARMED SECURITY GUARD ON THE DOOR.

BRIGADIER LETHBRIDGE-STEWART AND CAPTAIN MIKE YATES WATCH THE ACTIVITY.

BRIGADIER: It's dicey, Yates. Very dicey.

MIKE: Yes, sir.

BRIGADIER: The Defence Department must be out of their minds!

MIKE: (SMILES) Yes, sir.

BRIGADIER: It's no joking matter! We've got a vital Summit Peace Conference about to start here - and the Army decides to shift one of its new Nuclear Rocket Missiles to a defence site at the same time! The timing couldn't be worse. If the Foreign Delegates hear of the operation...

MIKE: They'd disapprove, to put it mildly

BRIGADIER: Could sabotage everything. And, as usual, UNIT has both problems dumped in its lap. Get the rocket to its new location - and make sure everything here goes without a hitch. Just how many men do they think I've got?

MIKE: Well, I think we've got everything pretty thoroughly tied up here, sir. I've transferred another platoon of men to strategic positions in the surrounding buildings.

BRIGADIER: Communications?



MIKE: No snags - yet.

BRIGADIER: (GRUNTS) Is the Doctor back from Stagmoor Prison?

MIKE: No.

BRIGADIER: He's an exasperating fellow - but I'd feel happier if he was about the place.

MIKE: So would I, sir.

THE BRIGADIER LOOKS AT HIM SHARPLY. HE'S ABOUT TO COMMENT ON THIS, WHEN THERE IS A COMMOTION AT THE DOOR.

CAPTAIN CHIN LEE, AN ATTRACTIVE, CRISP GIRL OF ABOUT 24, BRUSHES PAST THE GUARDS AND MAKES STRAIGHT FOR THE BRIGADIER. SHE IS DRESSED IN A SMART UNIFORM OF AN OFFICER OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE'S ARMY, DIPLOMATIC DIVISION (NOT THE SHAPELESS, BAGGY UNIFORM OF THE RED GUARD OR INFANTRY). SHE IS THE PRINCIPAL AIDE TO THE CHINESE DELEGATE. HER SEVERITY AND ABRUPTNESS, NEVERTHELESS, HIDE HER BASIC VULNERABILITY. DURING HER CONVERSATION WITH MIKE AND THE BRIGADIER IT WILL BE NOTICED THAT BOTH MEN FEEL STRANGELY UNCOMFORTABLE AND ILL AT EASE - ALMOST AS THOUGH HER PRESENCE WAS HAVING SOME SORT OF PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECT ON THEM. (THE REASON FOR THIS BECOMES APPARENT LATE SHE SNAPS TO A HALT IN FRONT OF THE BRIGADIER.

BRIGADIER: Captain Chin Lee, I must protest. This Conference Room is under strict Security...

CHIN LEE: And I, too, must protest, Brigadier Most vehemently. And for a far more serious reason.

BRIGADIER: What is it now?

CHIN LEE: An outrage has been committed against the Chinese People's Delegation. As you are in charge of security arrangements, we hold you directly responsible.

BRIGADIER: For what?

CHIN LEE: Important State documents have been stolen from General Cheng Teik's suite.

MIKE: Impossible. There's a twenty four hour guard on all the Delegates' suites...



BRIGADIER: (SNAPS) Alright, Yates!

MIKE: But this is a reflection on my...

BRIGADIER: (ANGRILY) That's enough! (TO  
CHIN LEE) Very well, Captain. We shall look  
into the matter immediately.

CHIN LEE: I must warn you that these outrages  
against our representatives puts the success of  
this Peace Conference in grave jeopardy. We  
suspect the Imperialist Americans of this crime.  
They must be warned...

BRIGADIER: Every effort will be made to locate  
the missing papers...

CHIN LEE: Any farther trouble and our  
Delegation will withdraw from this Conference.  
Our patience is at an end.

WITH THAT SHE TURNS ABRUPTLY ON HER  
HEEL AND MARCHES FROM THE ROOM. MIKE  
SHAKES HIS HEAD, AS THOUGH TO CLEAR  
HIS MIND. THE BRIGADIER PUTS A HAND UP  
TO HIS TEMPLES.

MIKE: There's something about that girl.  
Something that puts me on edge.

BRIGADIER: Yes... Yes, I feel that, too.

THEY EXCHANGE GLANCES.

BRIGADIER: Can't put my finger on it, exactly.  
Anyway, in the meantime...

MIKE: We'd better see if we can find  
those papers!

CUT TO:

A J. Conference Building. Same Time.

CHIN LEE comes out of the building and  
walks briskly towards us, looking  
neither to right nor left.

Car Park. Same Time.

She comes into the building's car park.  
Then she falters for a moment and stops.  
Her eyes flicker. Slowly she puts her  
hand inside her tunic - and withdraws  
a bundle of important, official looking  
papers. Very deliberately she drops  
them into a nearby waste paper bin. Then,  
like Mike, she shakes her head as though  
to clear it. She continues on through the  
car park and makes for a large black  
limousine, with a red bonnet flag flying  
from it.

c. PROCESS CHAMBER, STANGMOOR PRISON.  
LATER.

LINWOOD'S BODY HAS BEEN TAKEN AWAY, BUT KETTERING, THE GOVERNOR, JO AND DR WHO REMAIN. THE LATTER IS EXAMINING THE MALUSYPHUS EQUIPMENT CAREFULLY. THE BLOCK WARDER, SEEN EARLIER, STANDS IN THE B.G.

KETTERING: (IMPATIENTLY) ...And I tell you that youngman's unfortunate death can have nothing whatsoever to do with this machine!

DR WHO: That remains to be seen, doesn't it

KETTERING: Emil Dalbiac himself installed it here. I worked closely with him. I know every facet of the process.

DR WHO: Good. Then perhaps you can tell us what this is.

AND HE POINTS TO A SMALL ATTACHMENT ON THE SIDE OF THE 'BOX', ALMOST LIKE A PROTRUDING BOLT.

KETTERING: What? Oh, that.

DR WHO: Yes.

KETTERING: Well, it's a...

DR WHO: Yes?

KETTERING: (SHRUGS) There were some modifications made by Dalbiac - a small change in structural design...

DR WHO: (TERSE) Shouldn't be there.

KETTERING: How the devil do you know?

GOVERNOR: (HASTILY) I'm told the Doctor has a flair for things mechanical and scientific.

DR WHO: You're right about the machine being modified - but it's not a 'small change' I assure you.

THE DOCTOR STANDS BACK AND GLARES AT THE 'BOX'.

DR WHO: I don't like it. I never did.

KETTERING: What?

DR WHO: Messing about with people's brains

KETTERING: It's hardly your concern, is it?

DR WHO: Mr Kettering, it's everyone's concern! I'd like to see that wretched thing broken up and dumped. (BEAT) That is, if it can be broken up now.

HE FROWNS DEEPLY. BEFORE KETTERING CAN RETORT TO THIS, DR SUMMERS COMES IN. HE CARRIES SOME PAPERS AND A FOLDER

GOVERNOR: Ah, the Post Mortem report. You have it, Dr Summers?

DR SUMMERS: Yes.

KETTERING: Well?

DR SUMMERS: The deceased's name was Arthur Linwood, a Law Student in his final year...

DR WHO: Yes, yes - but what did he die of?

DR SUMMERS: Acute shock.

DR WHO: Ah!

KETTERING: Watching the Malusyphus process was too much for him...

DR SUMMERS: But he didn't have a weak heart, Mr Kettering.

DR WHO: What about his Medical History?

DR SUMMERS: Evidently he suffered acutely from Zoophobia.

GOVERNOR: Zoophobia?

DR WHO: Morbid fear of animals.

DR SUMMERS: In his case - a terrible dread of - rodents. Specifically - rats.

BEAT.

DR WHO: Those scratch marks on his neck and face - they could have been made by rats.

GOVERNOR: But there are no rats in this room - or anywhere near here!

DR WHO: Possibly.

DR SUMMERS: Yet the indications are that he was attacked by a hoard of them. The shock of the experience killed him.

KETTERING: You must be mistaken, Dr Summers!

DR WHO: I doubt it.

KETTERING: Anyway, it has nothing to do with the machine...

DR WHO: On the contrary, I'd say it has everything to do with the machine!

THE DOCTOR TURNS ABRUPTLY AND STRIDES FROM THE ROOM.

KETTERING: The man is quite mad.

JO GLARES AT KETTERING AND THEN FOLLOWS THE DOCTOR OUT. THE GOVERNOR LOOKS WORRIED.

GOVERNOR: They say he's something of a genius (BEAT) I'd be grateful if you would just check the machine over.

KETTERING: But...

GOVERNOR: Just to be sure.

AND THE GOVERNOR EXITS. THE WARDER FOLLOWS HIM. ANGRILY KETTERING TURNS TO THE CONSOLE. WE MOVE IN AND END THE SCENE ON THE 'BOX'.

CUT TO:

7. INT. UNIT H.Q. LONDON. SAME TIME.

A SIGN ON A DOOR SAYS: 'OPERATIONS OFFICE. U.K. DIVISION. U.N.I.T.' THE BRIGADIER COMES IN, OPENS THE DOOR, AND GOES INSIDE.

(UNLESS OTHERWISE ESTABLISHED.)

THE OFFICE IS BUBBLING WITH ACTIVITY. UNIT MEN ARE AT DESKS AND SPEAKING INTO TELEPHONES. THE WALLS ARE LINED WITH OPERATIONAL MAPS AND STEEL FILING CABINETS, ETC. THE PLACE SHOULD LOOK LIKE A BUSY BRIGADE ORDERLY ROOM. IN THE CENTRE IS THE BRIGADIER'S DESK WITH HIS NAME PLATE ON IT, TOGETHER WITH FOUR DIFFERENT COLOURED TELEPHONES.

MIKE IS ON HIS FEET NEAR A LARGE SCALE ORDINANCE SURVEY MAP PINNED TO THE WALL. HE'S SPEAKING INTO A PHONE AS THE BRIGADIER ENTERS.

MIKE: (INTO PHONE) ...I'll give you the final security schedules just as soon as I've had a chance to clear them with the Brigadier.

THE BRIGADIER GOES TO HIS DESK AND SITS DOWN. MIKE REPLACES HIS PHONE.

BRIGADIER: Defence Department?

MIKE: Yes. They want to know the size of the escort we're going to provide for the NRM when it's moved.

BRIGADIER: Why can't they leave the thing at the factory until the Conference is over?

MIKE: Too risky. Factory security leaves a lot to be desired. Anyway, the Defence Department want the Rocket operational before the end of the month.

BRIGADIER: Doesn't leave us much time, does it?

MIKE: They're scared of sabotage.

BRIGADIER: (SIGHS) So am I, Yates. So am I. And not only of the Rocket.

MIKE: Captain Chin Lee been at it again?

BRIGADIER: Not just her. Of all things, the American Delegate has been picking a quarrel with the British representative. And, of course, the Russians had to poke their noses in, just for good measure. I feel more like a wet nurse - than a soldier!

MIKE: Perhaps it'll be easier when they sit down at the table together.

BRIGADIER: I hope so!

THE RED TELEPHONE ON THE BRIGADIER'S DESK STARTS BUZZING.

MIKE: Red phone.

THE BRIGADIER STARES AT IT AND SCOWLS.

BRIGADIER: (EXASPERATED) Now what?

HE PICKS IT UP.

BRIGADIER: (ONTO THE PHONE) Lethbridge-Stewart.

THE BRIGADIER'S FACE BLANCHES. HE RISES QUICKLY TO HIS FEET.

BRIGADIER: (ONTO PHONE, HUSHED) What? Yes. Yes, of course. Immediately.

HE SLAMS DOWN THE PHONE.

MIKE: Chin Lee's missing documents?

**BRIGADIER:** Worse than that. Much worse!  
(HE SHOUTS TO A NEARBY SOLDIER) Get my car round to the front. Quickly. (TO ANOTHER SOLDIER) Order Condition Red.

THE MEN RING THROUGH ON THEIR OWN PHONES.

**BRIGADIER:** Come on, Yates. There's the very devil to pay now!

HE AND MIKE MOVE QUICKLY TO THE DOOR AND EXIT.

CUT TO:

**TK 4. Roadway inside Stangmoor Prison.**  
Same Time.

The DOCTOR is striding angrily along.  
JO struggles to keep up with him.

**DR WHO:** (WITH VIGOUR) I wash my hands of the whole business. They can play with their stupid little toys to their hearts' content - and take the consequences, for all I care.

**JO:** (BREATHLESSLY) Doctor, I have every confidence in you, but...

The DOCTOR stops and glares down at her.

**DR WHO:** But what?

**JO:** (GETS HER BREATH BACK)  
Phev, that's better.

**DR WHO:** But what?

**JO:** Well, it's just that I don't quite see the connection between the Malusynhus machine - and that man's death, either.

**DR WHO:** (DRAMATICALLY) Et tu, Brutus!

**JO:** I mean, as far as we can tell, he didn't even touch it.

**DR WHO:** He didn't have to, young lady.

**JO:** (SHRUGS) I'm sorry, I'm lost.

**DR WHO:** So is that fathhead Kettering.

**JO:** Alright, Doctor, so you don't approve of the process, that's obvious enough...

**DR WHO:** And I don't trust that wretched machine. (SLOWER) Jo, do you know the legend of Pandora's Box?

JO: Yes, of course. She had a box which contained all the evils that afflicted mankind.

DR WHO: Correct.

JO: And one day it was opened.

DR WHO: Exactly!

JO: Well, what's that supposed to mean?

DR WHO: Think about it. Carefully.

And he continues on his way. JO looks puzzled - and then runs after him.

JO: (CALLS) I still don't understand!

But the DOCTOR ignores her.

CUT TO:

8. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER. SAME TIME.

KETTERING IS WORKING OVER THE CONSOLE, CHECKING CIRCUITS, ETC. BEYOND HIM THE 'BOX' BEGINS TO THROB VERY QUIETLY. AS KETTERING WORKS HE RUNS A FINGER ROUND HIS COLLAR, JUST AS LINWOOD DID EARLIER. THE ATMOSPHERE IS BECOMING OPPRESSIVE. KETTERING LOOSENS HIS TIE. THE THROB-BING INCREASES.

CUT AWAY BRIEFLY TO:

9. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE CELLS COMES THE SOUND OF ANGRY MURMURS. A WARDEN LOOKS ANXIOUSLY AT THE CELL DOORS.

CUT BACK TO:

10. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER. SAME TIME.

THE THROBBING FROM THE 'BOX' IS MUCH MORE APPARENT NOW. KETTERING LOOKS AT IT PUZZLED. HIS EYES WIDEN IN HORROR. THE THING BEGINS TO SPARK AND PULSE. KETTERING CLUTCHES AT THE AIR ABOVE HIM. † AS THOUGH HE WERE DROWNING. A GASPING NOISE COMES FROM HIS THROAT.

CUT BACK BRIEFLY TO:

11. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

THE ANGRY MURMURS RISE UNTIL THE UNSEEN PRISONERS ARE YELLING AND SHOUTING AND BATTERING TIN MUGS AND PLATES AGAINST THE WALLS. THE WARDERS RUN DOWN THE CORRIDOR HAMMERING THEIR TRUNCHEONS ON THE CELL DOORS, ORDERING SILENCE.

CUT BACK TO:

12. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER. SAME TIME.

KETTERING IS GASPING AND SHRIEKING WITH PANIC. WE CAN HEAR THE NOISE OF THE DISTURBANCES FROM THE CELL BLOCK NEARBY. BUT THE THROBBING OF THE 'BOX' IS EVEN LOUDER IN THIS CONFINED SPACE. KETTERING'S EYES ARE BULGING WITH FEAR. AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THE WHOLE ROOM SEEMS TO DISTORT AND ERUPT BEFORE US AS HE COLLAPSES TO THE FLOOR.

CUT TO:

TK 5. Prison Gates. Same Time.

We can hear the noise of the disturbance from here. The DOCTOR is talking to the WARDER at the Gate. A nearby phone rings. Another WARDER answers it. The DOCTOR turns back and rejoins JO.

JO:

What's the matter?

DR WHO:

Trouble in one of the Cell Blocks. The prisoners are very agitated. No one is to leave.

He and JO are escorted back the way they came by the Gate WARDER.

13. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. A LITTLE LATER.

THE DISTURBANCE DIES DOWN AS QUICKLY AS IT FLARED UP. THE CORRIDOR BECOMES QUIET AGAIN.

CUT TO:

14. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER. SAME TIME.

DR SUMMERS AND THE HEAD WARDER ARE BENDING OVER KETTERING'S BODY. CHAIRS, ETC., ARE OVERTURNED AND THE WINDOWS BEYOND THE BARS ARE SMASHED. ON THE WALL BEHIND THE 'BOX' ARE SOME SCORCH MARKS.

THE GOVERNOR COMES IN, FOLLOWED SOON AFTER BY JO AND THE DOCTOR.



GOVERNOR: How did this happen?

DR SUMMERS: I don't know, sir. A Warder was passing outside, on his way to assist with the disturbance in 'Q' Block. He heard a noise in here - and came in. He says it stopped as soon as he opened the door. He found Mr Kettering - like this.

AND WE SEE KETTERING'S FACE - DISTORTED IN AN EXPRESSION OF HORROR.

GOVERNOR: Dead?

DR SUMMERS: Yes.

DR WHO IS STARING INTENTLY AT THE 'BOX'. JO IS EXAMINING THE CONSOLE.

JO: The console is badly damaged.

DR WHO: (GRUNTS) Good.

JO: Looks to me as though it's burnt out, Doctor.

DR WHO: But that 'box' doesn't appear to have suffered at all.

GOVERNOR: (LOW) The expression on Kettering's face...

DR SUMMERS: It's very strange, Governor - but the VISUAL symptoms would indicate that he died from - drowning.

THE GOVERNOR LOOKS AT HIM INCREDULOUSLY

DR WHO: Then I think we shall find that his Medical History shows he probably suffered from latent - Hydrophobia.

DR SUMMERS: Fear of water?

DR WHO: Although it was acute shock that really killed him, no doubt.

GOVERNOR: Two deaths - it doesn't make any sense.

DR WHO: Neither did that sudden outburst from the prisoners in 'Q' Block.

GOVERNOR: They're quiet now.

JO: Yes. So are things in here.

DR WHO: (THOUGHTFULLY) I should like to have seen it.

DR. SUMMERS: What?

DR. WHO: The 'disturbance' in this room.

CUT TO:

15. INT. CHINESE DELEGATE'S SUITE, LONDON.  
SAME TIME.

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THIS IS AN EXPENSIVE HOTEL ROOM. A SILENT GROUP ARE STARING AT SOMETHING OUT OF RANGE OF THE CAMERA. IT CONSISTS OF CHIN LEE, MIKE, SOME PLAINCLOTHES MEN AND THE BRIGADIER. CHIN LEE, STUNNED AND SUBDUED, TURNS TO THE BRIGADIER.

CHIN LEE: What are you going to do?

BRIGADIER: (TO MIKE) Who else knows?

MIKE: The Foreign Secretary has been informed.

CHIN LEE: Brigadier, what are you going to do about this?

THE BRIGADIER TURNS TO A SENIOR PLAINCLOTHES MAN. THE LATTER SHAKES HIS HEAD SLOWLY.

MIKE: (HUSHED) It doesn't make any sense, does it?

THE BRIGADIER MOVES TO A TELEPHONE. HE LIFTS THE RECEIVER AND SPEAKS INTO IT.

BRIGADIER: (INTO THE PHONE) Hello? Operator, I want to put in a priority call to - Stangmoor Prison.

CUT TO:

16. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER, STANGMOOR PRISON. SAME TIME.

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AS WE LEFT THEM IN SC 14. THE DOCTOR IS TALKING.

DR. WHO: ...I suggest, Governor, that you put a guard on the door outside - and allow no one - no one - to come into this room.

GOVERNOR: Very well.

DR. WHO: Except me.

GO: Doctor...

DR. WHO: I should like to examine the machine carefully.

GOVERNOR: Is that wise?

DR WHO: No, not really. But it's necessary

A WALL PHONE RINGS. THE HEAD WARDEN  
GOES TO ANSWER IT.

DR WHO: And whilst I'm working I am not  
to be disturbed under any condition.

THE HEAD WARDEN TAPS JO ON THE SHOULDER  
AND HANDS THE PHONE TO HER.

JO: (INTO THE PHONE) Hallo, Jo  
Grant here... Oh, yes, sir. Yes, he's here.

SHE PUTS HER HAND OVER THE MOUTHPIECE  
AND TURNS TO THE DOCTOR.

JO: Doctor.

DR WHO: Yes?

JO: It's the Brigadier on the phone,  
calling from London.

THE DOCTOR GROANS WITH EXASPERATION.

DR WHO: Tell him I can't talk to him. Tell  
him I'm busy.

JO: He says it's very urgent.

DR WHO: (IMPATIENTLY) Everything's  
always urgent with him.

RELUCTANTLY HE TAKES THE PHONE FROM  
JO AND SPEAKS INTO IT.

DR WHO: (INTO THE PHONE) Brigadier,  
it may interest you to know that you've called at  
a most inopportune moment - to say the least.

INTERCUT WITH SC 15, AS REQUIRED.

BRIGADIER: (TENSE) Now listen, Doctor, I  
have a crisis on my hands here.

DR WHO: You're not the only one.

HE LOOKS SIGNIFICANTLY TOWARDS THE  
BODY OF KETTERING.

BRIGADIER: I need your help. You must return  
to London immediately. I'll send transport...

DR WHO: Out of the question.

BRIGADIER: Listen carefully, Doctor. I've got  
a diplomatic bombshell on my hands.

THE DOCTOR SNORTS IMPATIENTLY.

DURING THE BRIGADIER'S NEXT SPEECH THE SHOT IS WIDENED. THEN THE CAMERA TRAVELS IN ON THE BODY OF GENERAL CHENG TEIK, HIS FACE HORRIBLY CONTORTED IN DEATH.

BRIGADIER: General Cheng Teik, the Chinese Delegate to the Peace Conference, has been found murdered. There's something very odd about the circumstances. His face is contorted into the most horrible expression - but the Police Surgeon insists that he died of heart failure!

(N.B: WHILST THE CAMERA IS CONCENTRATED ON GENERAL CHENG TEIK'S FACE IT MIGHT BE EFFECTIVE TO SUBLIMINALLY INTERCUT WITH KETTERING'S FACE, MOMENTARILY. THIS WOULD THEN LINK THE TWO DEATHS TOGETHER IN THE AUDIENCE'S MINDS - THE ONE IN STANGMOOR - WITH THIS ONE IN LONDON.)

BRIGADIER: I need you here.

DURING THE BRIGADIER'S SPEECH THE LOOK OF IMPATIENCE HAS DISAPPEARED FROM THE DOCTOR'S FACE. THERE'S A MOMENT OF SILENCE AS HE BECOMES LOST IN THOUGHT.

BRIGADIER: Hallo, Doctor? Are you still there?

DR WHO: Yes.

BRIGADIER: I'll organise a helicopter...

DR WHO: Brigadier, I can't leave Stangmoor - not at present.

BRIGADIER: What ??

DR WHO: I'll come to you as soon as I can - but for the time being it is imperative that I stay here. I can't explain over the phone...

BRIGADIER: Doctor, listen...

DR WHO: In the meantime, get all the information you can on the victim's past medical history. Do you understand? It's highly significant I'll keep in touch.

AND THE DOCTOR REPLACES THE PHONE. HE TURNS TO THE GOVERNOR.

DR WHO: This is the only Galusypus machine in existence, isn't it?

IN THE B.G. KETTERING'S BODY IS COVERED.  
TWO WARDERS, CARRYING A STRETCHER,  
COME IN - AND TAKE THE BODY AWAY  
WHILST THE DOCTOR AND THE GOVERNOR  
ARE TALKING.

GOVERNOR: Definitely.

DR WHO: This inventor chap...

GOVERNOR: Dalbiac.

DR WHO: Where is he now?

GOVERNOR: Kettering said he was in London  
somewhere. He and his assistant returned after...

DR WHO: Assistant?

GOVERNOR: Yes, a rather attractive Chinese  
girl...

DR WHO: (SLOWLY) Chinese, eh? Now  
that is interesting.

CUT TO:

17. INT. CHINESE DELEGATE'S SUITE. SAME  
TIME.

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OPEN ON A C.U. OF CHIN LEE. WIDEN THE  
SHOT. THE BRIGADIER IS IMPATIENTLY  
JIGGLING THE PHONE.

BRIGADIER: (INTO PHONE) Hallo, hallo!

HE SLAMS THE RECEIVER DOWN.

MIKE: Is he coming?

BRIGADIER: Insufferable, insubordinate...

MIKE: I take it he's not.

THE BRIGADIER GLARES AT MIKE - AND THEN  
MOVES OVER TO CHIN LEE.

BRIGADIER: I'd like to know exactly what  
happened, Captain. Every detail, please.

CHIN LEE: But I've already told these police  
officers...

BRIGADIER: I'd be obliged if you would now  
tell me!

CHIN LEE: I had an appointment with the  
General at eleven a.m. There were some details to  
be discussed in regards to the preliminary meeting  
of the Conference...

BRIGADIER: Were you on time?

CHIN LEE: (COOLLY) I am always most punctual, Brigadier. I arrived at precisely one minute to eleven o'clock. I checked with the UNIT sentry on guard in the corridor outside - and then came straight in. I distinctly heard your Big Ben chime eleven as I entered the door... (SHE SEEMS TO HESITATE) At - at first I could not see the General... And then - and then I found him lying on the floor - there. I immediately phoned the authorities.

THE SENIOR POLICE OFFICER TAKES A STEP FORWARD.

OFFICER: Immediately?

CHIN LEE: That's what I said.

OFFICER: But the phone call was logged at twelve minutes past eleven.

CHIN LEE: Then you have made some mistake, Comrade.

OFFICER: It was recorded by the Sergeant in the Duty Room. Twelve minutes past eleven, I assure you.

CHIN LEE FROWNS.

BRIGADIER: You waited twelve minutes before reporting it, Captain?

CHIN LEE: No... No! I went straight to the telephone. I remember - yes, I remember quite clearly. (INDIGNANTLY) You are not suggesting...

BRIGADIER: We are not suggesting anything, Captain. We are merely asking questions, at this stage.

OFFICER: But there is a discrepancy here. Are you claiming diplomatic immunity, Captain?

CHIN LEE: I want the perpetrator of this outrage brought to justice, Comrade. My colleague and I will cooperate to the fullest extent.

OFFICER: Thank you.

BRIGADIER: (STIFFLY) Superintendent, UNIT will be in charge of all investigations from now on. We are taking over the case.

OFFICER: That's most irregular, Brigadier.

BRIGADIER: Not at all. This crime is now classified as a matter of International Security. Our powers are a little more far reaching than those of even Special Branch.

OFFICER: The Foreign Secretary...

BRIGADIER: Will be informed. A statement will be prepared for the first assembly of the Delegates at the Peace Conference - this afternoon. It will be delivered by the Foreign Secretary himself.

THE SENIOR OFFICER MOTIONS TO HIS MEN. THEY MOVE TO THE DOOR.

OFFICER: I wish you luck, Brigadier. I think you'll need it. I must say, I'm rather relieved that I don't have to investigate this one. (SMILES COLDLY) It's right out of a Science Fiction story, isn't it? Good hunting.

HE AND HIS OFFICERS EXIT. THE BRIGADIER TURNS TO MIKE.

BRIGADIER: (LOW) Get the Doctor back from Stangmoor. I don't care how you do it, but get him back here - as quickly as you can!

CUT TO:

15. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER, STANGMOOR PRISON. SAME TIME.

KETTERING'S BODY HAS BEEN TAKEN AWAY AND ONLY JO AND THE DOCTOR ARE IN THE ROOM NOW. THE DOCTOR IS CHECKING OVER THE CONSOLE.

JO: ...But there can't possibly be any connection between Kettering's death here - and the murder of some Chinese Diplomat in London, Doctor. I mean, we're miles away.

DR WHO: (ENGROSSED IN HIS WORK) Remember that they happened at about the same time. And the symptoms are alike. Both victims had expressions of horror on their faces. So did that student.

JO: Do you know what killed them?

DR WHO: I have a theory.

HE RISES FROM HIS WORK AND LOOKS DOWN AT THE CONSOLE.

DR WHO: Yes, basically a really rather primitive machine. The one on Larpts Major was much more sophisticated.

JO: Are you going to get it working again?

DR WHO: Not on your life! (SHRUGS)  
Anyway, technically speaking, it's still quite functional.

JO: (RAISED EYEBROWS) It is?

THE DOCTOR RUNS A FINGER AROUND HIS COLLAR.

DR WHO: Phew, this is an oppressive place, isn't it?

JO: I thought so the first time we set foot in here.

DR WHO: I'm going to run some tests on the thing...

JO: (EAGERLY) I'll give you a hand.

DR WHO: Oh no you won't, my girl. You'll go along and hurry up Dr Summers for that Medical History on Kettering.

JO: Alright, I'll bring it straight back.

DR WHO: No. Take it to the Governor's office. I'll meet you there later. You are not to come back into this room whilst I am working. Understand?

JO: But...

DR WHO: Do as you're told. (BEAT) Move.

JO GIVES A FRUSTRATED MOAN AND EXITS. THE DOCTOR SMILES AFTER HER. BUT HIS EXPRESSION BECOMES SERIOUS AGAIN AS HE TURNS HIS ATTENTION BACK TO THE MACHINE.

CUT TO:

-----OPTIONAL-----  
TK 5, Conference Building. Day.

To re establish location. A big, black Government Limousine pulls up at the Main Entrance. The FOREIGN SECRETARY gets out and moves quickly into the building.

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19. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, LONDON. A LITTLE LATER.

THE DELEGATES HAVE ASSEMBLED. THEY SIT AT THE TABLE, IDENTIFIED BY THE SMALL NATIONAL FLAGS. BUT THE CHINESE PLACE IS SIGNIFICANTLY EMPTY. NEAR THEM ARE THEIR AIDES AND STAFF. THE RUSSIAN IS A DOUBT, MOLOTOV-TYPE CHARACTER, THE AMERICAN A BRIGHT KENNEDY-TYPE AND THE BRITISH DELEGATE A CONSERVATIVE, ELDERLY SENIOR DIPLOMAT. IN THE B.G. CAN BE SEEN SOME UNIT GUARDS.

THERE IS A QUIET HUM OF CONVERSATION, BUT LITTLE OR NO DISCUSSION BETWEEN THE VARIOUS NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVES.

THROUGH THE DOOR COMES THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, A PRECISE, BRISE MAN. BEHIND HIM COMES THE BRIGADIER AND CHIN LEE. THE FOREIGN SECRETARY MOVES ATRAIGHT TO THE TABLE. THE BRITISH DELEGATE RISES. THE CONVERSATION DIES ABRUPTLY.

BRITISH D.: Gentlemen, I have the honour to present Her Majesty's Foreign Secretary, the Right Honourable Sir James Anders.

THERE IS NO APPLAUSE AND VERY LITTLE REACTION. THE BRITISH DELEGATE RESUMES HIS SEAT.

FOREIGN SEC: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Delegate Gentlemen, It is my sad duty to inform you of the tragic death of the Chinese Delegate to this Peace Conference, General Cheng Teik.

MURMURS FROM THE ASSEMBLY.

FOREIGN SEC: I am sure you will all join me in adding your own condolences and commiserations to the Chinese Peoples' representation to this Meeting.

MURMURS.

FOREIGN SEC: The circumstances surrounding the General's death are being fully investigated, but no statement can be made at this time. However it is our sincerest wish that, despite this tragic setback, the aims and ideals of this important Conference are not lost. The Chinese Peoples' Embassy have been in contact with Peking - and a new Delegate is being flown out to London. He will be here in a matter of hours - and will take his place at this table.

AMERICAN D: Who is he?

FOREIGN SEC: Mr. Su Feng.

REACTION TO THIS FROM ALL DELEGATES.

BRITISH D: Fu Peng?

AMERICAN D: I must protest, Sir James. Fu Peng is renowned as a most verbal opponent of this Summit Conference!

BRITISH D: How can we hope to achieve anything...

RUSSIAN D: His dealings with the Soviet Union leave much to be desired, Comrade. As Chinese Ambassador in Moscow he made many enemies...

AMERICAN D: Is it the intention of the Chinese Peoples' Republic to sabotage this Conference - before it has even started?

FOREIGN SEC: Gentlemen, please!

CHIN LEE: Comrade Fu Peng's wish for world peace and understanding is as strong as your own!

RUSSIAN D: I do not believe this. We view this appointment with grave suspicion, Comrade.

NOW THE DELEGATES RAISE THEIR VOICES IN ANGER. THE FOREIGN SECRETARY TURNS TO THE BRIGADIER.

FOREIGN SEC: (ASIDE. LOW) Brigadier, you'd better make some progress with this business - and fast! Otherwise this Conference is doomed to failure!

BRIGADIER: There are some very strange facets to the case, sir. I have called in an expert I'm sure I'll have some answers for you after he gets here.

FOREIGN SEC: I sincerely hope so! Just look at this!

BY NOW THE DELEGATES ARE SHOUTING AT ONE ANOTHER, TEMPERs FRAYING RAPIDLY.

ESTABLISH THE SCENE AND THEN MOVE IN CLOSE ON CHIN LEE. THERE IS A STRANGE, ENIGMATICAL EXPRESSION ON HER FACE. WE MOVE IN STILL CLOSER - AND, AS WE DO, WE HEAR, ON ECHO, THAT ODD, THROBBING SOUND ASSOCIATED WITH THE 'BOX'. CARRY THIS S/FX THROUGH AS WE

CUT TO:

20. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER, STANGMOOR PRISON. SAME TIME.

---

OPEN CLOSE ON THE 'BOX', WITH THAT THROBBING SOUND COMING FROM IT, VERY FAINTLY. PULL BACK AND WIDEN THE SHOT TO SHOW THE DOCTOR STILL WORKING OVER THE CONSOLE, CHECKING CIRCUITS, ETC. THERE ARE FAINT BEADS OF PERSPIRATION ON HIS FOREHEAD. HE MUTTERS TO HIMSELF AS HE WORKS.

DR WHO: (GRUNTS) Malasyphus... Huh, just another name for legal robbery... Stealing a man's mind, that's all it is... I ought to drop this thing like a bottomless pit... But then of course, this is one of the few planets that doesn't boast of bottomless pits, isn't it? Well, they soon saw the danger on Larpis Major... They had the good sense to listen to me there...

HE MUMBLES ON.

CUT TO:

21. INT. UTILITY. PRISON HOSPITAL ROOM. SAME TIME.

---

ONLY A HOSPITAL BED WITH SOME BACKING BEHIND IT. WE OPEN ON 829 LYING IN IT, A BENIGN, FIXED SMILE ON HIS FACE. WIDEN THE SHOT TO SHOW THAT HE IS BEING EXAMINED BY DR SUMMERS.

DR SUMMERS: (QUIETLY) How do you feel?

829: (DREAMILY) Very relaxed, very peaceful, thank you, Doctor.

DR SUMMER: Good.

829: (SINCERELY) I must thank you for all your care and attention. Most kind of you to go to all this trouble.

DR SUMMERS SMILES, RATHER INCREDULOUS AND SHAKES HIS HEAD.

JO AND THE GOVERNOR ENTER.

GOVERNOR: (ANXIOUSLY) How is he, Doctor?

DR SUMMERS: Fully recovered. In fact, remarkably fit - both physically - and mentally.

GOVERNOR: Thank goodness for that.

829: (SOFTLY) M'mmm, goodness...

GOVERNOR: Well, in this respect it would seem that the Malasyphus process has lived up to its expectations. No anti-social patterns at all?

DR SUMMERS: None whatsoever.

JO: I'm sorry to interrupt, but the Doctor was wondering about Mr Kettering's Medical History...

DR SUMMERS: Ah, yes.

HE TAKES A FOLDER FROM THE BEDSIDE TABLE.

DR SUMMERS: I have it here.

GOVERNOR: That theory of his - about the Hydrophobia...

DR SUMMERS: He was quite right. Some years ago Kettering was involved in a boating accident at Cowes. His sailing dinghy was overturned. He was trapped underneath it - and was nearly drowned. He developed an acute fear of water - and drowning. Obviously it became a secret dread.

GOVERNOR: Incredible.

JO: May I take that folder to the Doctor?

DR SUMMERS: Yes, by all means.

HE HANDS IT TO JO.

GOVERNOR: Is he still working on the machine?

JO: Yes. (DOUBTFULLY) And he did say that he wasn't to be disturbed.

GOVERNOR: When you see him, assure him of our fullest cooperation.

JO: I will, sir.

SHE TURNS TO LEAVE. WE COME BACK IN CLOSE ON 829, STILL WITH THAT ALMOST ANGELIC SMILE ON HIS FACE.

CUT TO:

22. INT. RECESS CHAMBER, SAME TIME.

AS WE LEFT THE DOCTOR IN SC 20, STILL TESTING THE CONSOLE, STILL MUTTERING AWAY TO HIMSELF. THE THROBBING SOUND IS STILL APPARENT IN THE B.G.

DR VNC: (MUTTERING) Trouble is - they never listen to me here... But then the Earth has always had that reputation... Muddle through - never take advice...

BY NOW THE THROBBING SOUND HAS GROWN LOUDER. THE DOCTOR INCLINES HIS HEAD AND LISTENS. HIS EYES NARROW. HE STRAIGHTENS UP AND LOOKS ROUND AT THE 'BOX'. NOW IT'S THROBBING VISUALLY, AS THOUGH IN ANGER.

DR WHO:           What on Jupiter...

NOW TINY SPARKS OF ENERGY APPEAR TO FLASH OVER ITS SURFACE. THE DOCTOR'S EYES WIDEN.

FROM HIS P.O.V. WE SEE THE 'BOX' CONVULSING AND DISTORTING. THE THROBBING GETTING LOUDER AND LOUDER.

-----  
OPTIONAL  
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TWO SHOT: DOCTOR AND 'BOX'; FROM OUR P.O.V. THERE ARE ONLY THE SPARKS VISIBLE.

HIS P.O.V: THE THING SLOWLY BEGINS TO CHANGE ITS SHAPE. THE SPARKS BECOME TINY FINGERS OF FLAME. THE 'BOX' SLOWLY TURNS INTO AN ANGRY, WHITE HOT, Gaping FURNACE HOLE.

-----  
OPTIONAL  
-----

TWO SHOT: DOCTOR AND 'BOX'; FROM OUR P.O.V. - UNCHANGED.

HIS P.O.V: NOW THE APPARITION IS A ROARING, SEARING HOLE OF LEAPING FIRE. SLOWLY, REMORSELESSLY, THE DOCTOR IS BEING DRAGGED, PROPELLED TOWARDS IT. HE FIGHTS THE FORCE AS THE RED, DANCING GLOW OF THE FIRES LIGHT UP HIS FACE. HE STRUGGLES LIKE FURY - BUT MOVES CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE FIRE - UNTIL THE WHOLE FRAME IS ONE GIGANTIC FURNACE - WITH THE FIGURE OF THE DOCTOR BEING DRAWN INEXORABLY TOWARDS IT...

FADE.

ROLL CREDITS, ETC.